Yonkers, N. Y. 2 Mo. 24th. /67

Beloved Friend

W. L. Garrison

I have thy letter of the 18th.

I regret thy inability to give us more than a passing call, while I can assure thee that even a night's sojourn is a desideratum.

Years have passed since thou wast first an inmate of my family at Nantucket, when persecution & suffering was thy constant attendant, & when thy name was cast out as evil, both by the Church & the State! A better day has dawned, & we may now rejoice together, in view of the practical results of those long years, & the blessings they have secured to our beloved country.

Let me then say to thee to come in the way thou proposes, & my Hanson Swain will accompany thee hither. And there are others in Yonkers, who will give thee a cordial welcome, & with whom we shall be glad to make thee acquainted. There are many "honorable women" whose untiring efforts for the Freedmen in different localities, & for the poor in our own midst, entitle them to a rank with the first in our country. I have admired the spontaneity & the efficiency which they bring to the work, & how their labors have always been crowned with marked success.

Our family would esteem it a privilege to hear thee on 3d day eve next in Brooklyn, but we must forego the pleasure. I am glad thou can again join thy voice in the gatherings

of the people, inasmuch as the Scripture testimony has a peculiar significance while so much still remains to be done, that — "Two are better than one, & a three-fold cord is not quickly broken". Did thou not, thyself, realize this, & most emphatically too, when in the hour of thy deepest probation, our own dear Whittier addressed the stanzas, from which my memory supplies the following selection, & to which every feeling of my heart responds — viz —

"Champion of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand,
In view of penury, hate & death,
I see thee fearless stand;
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
And promise of thy youth.

Go on! for thou hast chosen well;
On in the strength of God!
Long as one human heart shall swell
Beneath the tyrant's rod.
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear —
The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love —
I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill;
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

Thou mentioned 5th or 6th day — Let me make the engagement for 5 day afternoon, & will thou give me a time as early as thou can telling me of this suits thy convenience.

I know thou hast labored well & long, but I rejoice that the time has not yet come for thee to make to thyself the application — "Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself as he that putteth it off." Cordially thy fr. N. Barney.